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THE NEWS OF THE DAY

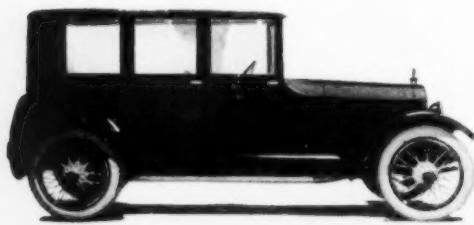
Columbia Six



For the Mechanically Inclined

The Columbia Six Chassis is particularly adapted to closed car bodies, on account of the non-synchronizing spring suspension, which results in remarkably quiet, easy riding qualities, and the thermodynamically controlled radiator shutters, which do away with most cold weather motoring troubles, such as hood covers, radiator blankets, cardboard protectors, hard starting, slow warming up and the like.

Prices:—Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1695.00; Four-Passenger Sport Model (Five wire wheels included), \$1845.00; Two-Passenger Roadster (Five Discast wheels included), \$1845.00; Four-Passenger Coupe, \$1850.00; Five-Passenger Touring Sedan, \$2850.00. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.



To define the irresistible charm of this season's Columbia Coupe and Sedan models is as difficult as to resolve the charm of a beautiful girl into the perfection of her silhouette, the glow of her cheek and the wave of her hair.

At first glance, the charm of the Columbia Six may seem to come from the beautiful symmetry of the body lines—the work of this country's leading body designers.

Then, it may seem to result from the tonal blending of the interior decorations—the richness of the fabrics—the utter restfulness of the seats and upholstery—the excellence of the coach work and the perfection and harmony of the furnishings and fittings down to the most minute details.

But to the Columbia owner this charm is even more definite. He feels it through the expressed admiration of everyone who sees or rides in his car.

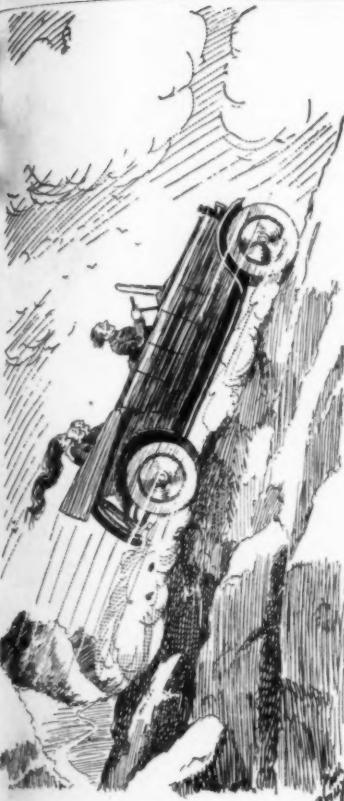
He soon learns it is founded on the sound basis of mechanical excellence, achieved by parts makers, each of whom is an acknowledged leader in his field.

Prove man, woman, or car false at heart and the utmost exterior charm vanishes instantly. The charm of the Columbia Six is a permanent thing, season after season. And the reason is because the Columbia Six is "Good Clear Through."

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

The Gem of the Highway





ALL AUTOMOBILES—JUST ASK THE MAN WHO SELLS THEM

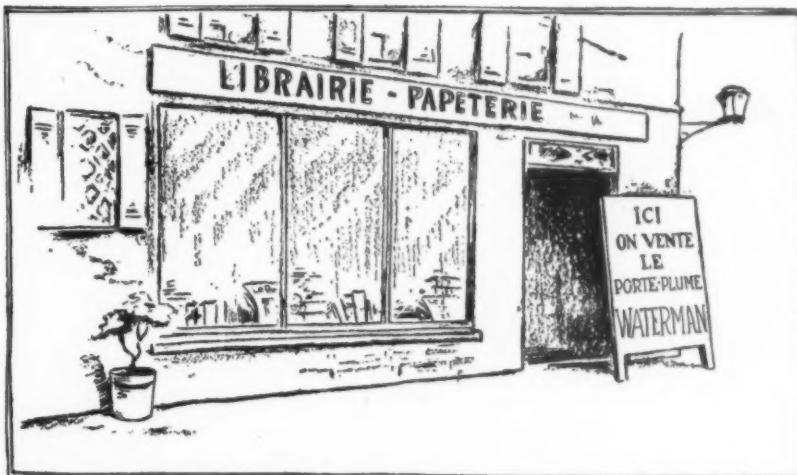
The Old Woman

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe. She rented the heel for a thousand dollars a year, and the arch for seven hundred and fifty, and managed to make a home for herself and her many children in the toe.

Like a furnace fire.
You need it each winter.
Because Piso's, too, is a protection against winter weather. By soothing irritated, scratchy throats and relieving bothersome coughs and hoarseness, it prevents more serious ailments. Keep it always in the medicine cabinet; use it at the first indication of throat irritation.
30c at your Druggist's
Contains no opiate Good for young and old

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

XUM



"FIN-EESH!"

Nearly every "Librairie" in France displayed the announcement, "*Ici on vend le porte-plume WATERMAN.*"

American soldiers were glad to see that reminder of home, glad to see a worthy American product gaining world-wide recognition.

But when one asked madame within for his favorite fountain pen, with a characteristic shrug, her answer generally was, "Fin-eesh!"

War-time conditions made it impossible to maintain our stocks in France. As a result, many thousands were unable to buy their favorite pen.

Our overseas veterans are now back in civil life. Once more they can enjoy many things denied them in France. They can talk the American language, and use an American pen.

Instead of asking for a "Porte-plume Waterman" they can ask for

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Three types
Regular, Safety and Self-Filling
\$2.50 and up
AT BEST DEALERS

—and get it.

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Millstones

THE Upper and the Nether Millstone were discussing Political Economy.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the Upper Millstone, otherwise called Capital. "For centuries I've been grinding you down, you whose real name is Labor, together with everything in between, and the result, I find, is highly satisfactory. It's the very best system of grinding I know of." The Nether Millstone thought a while.

"You've given me a new idea," it said finally. "Why should you do all the grinding? I think I'll take a hand at it myself," and it began to turn vigorously in the manner opposed to the Upper Millstone, with the result that everything in between was ground a great deal finer and a great deal more expeditiously than before, and both Millstones were now convinced they had evolved the best possible system of grinding.

Moral: Be a Millstone.



Here We Are Again

THE best laid plans, even of humble but occasionally meritorious advertising writers, sometimes go astray.

Never before, in the annals of this delightful page, were we so filled with enthusiasm over the coming numbers of LIFE as we were when the strike came. There was the great Christmas Number, astounding in its huge proportions, inspiring in its multifarious features (and we are happy to say that it is coming out). There was the remarkable list of Special numbers. In many subtle and ingenious ways we were going to convey to the American people (this being the open season for new subscribers) the idea that by sending in their yearly subscriptions at once, they would all be the gainers; they would, so to speak, get the Thing off their minds. And besides, what more appropriate Christmas gift could they bestow on their friends than LIFE for a year? Our attractive Christmas card, which (on request) goes to every recipient, was all ready. Everything was ready.

And then came the strike, and we had to take an enforced vacation.

It was awful. We wandered aimlessly about in search of an occupation. We tried to read and couldn't. The Lamentations of Jeremiah failed to cheer us up. We got some fellow-feeling out of Job, but not much. Poor old Job had too good a time after all. We realize this now as never before. Bernard Shaw seemed dull and spiritless. Macbeth chirped us up a bit, but didn't hold us. Irvin Cobb filled us with gloom and Mary Roberts Rinehart drove us to tears. Then we thought of our sins, and were filled with a horrible sense of guilt over the manner in which we had treated our business department. We realized that there was some good in these crude souls after all. We thought of all the mean things we had said about the atrocious coupon which they have forced us, no doubt with practical wisdom, to put on this otherwise artistic page. We thought of all the people we had persuaded to become subscribers in the past, and their sad faces haunted us. We tried to play golf, but the best hole we could get was an 8 and the caddie almost passed away with scorn. The new baby helped some. We were glad that he was too young to know what was going on.

Then came the glad news that LIFE was actually being printed—that it would be late but would come out. Our circulation was being restored, and on the face of the waters we saw the words "Obey That Impulse."

And so, here we are again.

Better subscribe and make sure of receiving every issue. Late or early, they will all be sent to our subscribers.

As a holiday gift a subscription is best of all. A Christmas Card announcing the gift will be sent with each holiday subscription if request is made in sending the order.

Enclosed
find One Dollar
(Canadian \$1.10)
Foreign \$1.25
Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.00)



"I CAN'T GIVE YOU STEADY WORK, BUT I MIGHT FIND YOU SOME ODD JOBS."
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOSS. THE ODDER, THE BETTER."

No Cause for Gnashing

HERE has been wailing and gnashing of teeth in many quarters because the nation has been swept by new and interesting epidemic—that of excessive head-shearing among the younger generation of males. Many



BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

**Let Cuticura Be
Your Beauty Doctor**

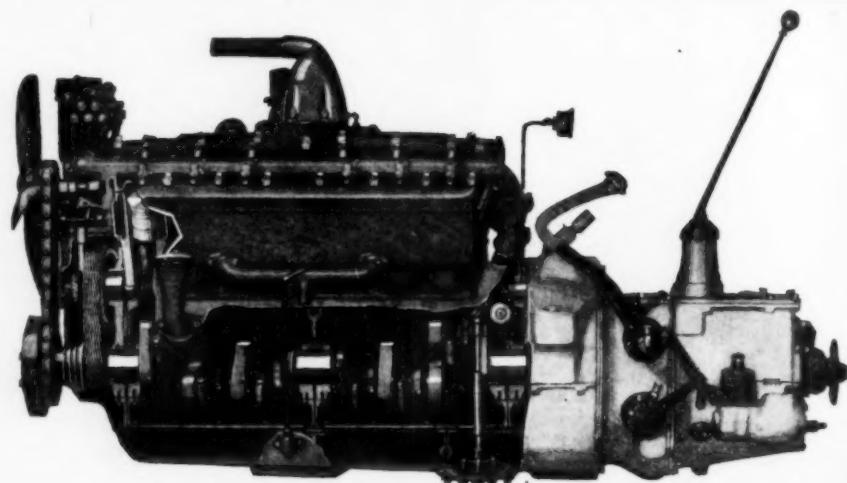
All druggists, Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25.
Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

a mother sees her son depart in the morning with a full head of hair, only to return in the evening in an almost unrecognizable condition because of the heartless manner in which his skull has been denuded of hair to a point well above the hat line. In this new style of hair-dressing, strange cranial knobs and protuberances are exposed to the public gaze; and the ears, deprived of their surrounding foliage, appear to be attached loosely and casually to the head. There is no sense in wailing and gnashing the teeth at this form of hair-cutting. It mirrors the spirit of the age. Every-

one is impatient of artificial restraints and of conventional coverings. Women's clothes are growing scantier day by day. Men will no longer tolerate padding in their coats. It is difficult to say where the present trend will terminate. So long, however, as men take it out in extreme hair-cuts, we have much to be thankful for. If they couldn't express themselves that way, they might take to abbreviating their trousers or having their coats cut down to their belts in back. Confirmed tooth-gnashers will do well to save up their gnashing for a worthier cause.



The PACKARD
System of
LUBRICATION



TO INSURE *the HIGH QUALITY of TRANSPORTATION to which PACKARD OWNERS are Accustomed*

IT is a fixed Packard principle that price is incident to quality. Price advances in Packard cars are never made for any other reason than to maintain the highest standards.

It used to be the fashion among manufacturers to think that quality was a matter of materials—to think that it could be maintained solely by purchasing high grade steel and lumber and fittings.

The Packard people have always held that the spirit of the artisan is equally important and are confident that the advantage the Packard owner gets in the performance of his car is largely a matter of the quality of workmanship and the spirit of the workman.

* * *

A Packard price advance is interesting to the present Packard owner because it draws attention

to the cash value of his investment in transportation.

We know of no motor car which brings today such a high percentage of its purchase price on the used car market.

Men whose first fine cars were used Packards will tell you that there is little gamble in such a purchase—less than in many an ordinary car fresh from the hands of its manufacturer.

* * *

To men about to purchase Packards, a price advance merely emphasizes the small percentage the first cost of their Packard is to the value of the transportation delivered.

When they buy a Packard they are buying the highest grade of motor car transportation.

They are buying the nerve rest

which comes from traveling in the utmost comfort.

They are buying the true saving which comes from having speedy, reliable transportation at their call for business or pleasure.

And they are buying fifty thousand, a hundred thousand miles of such transportation, more if they wish, without the necessity for another initial investment.

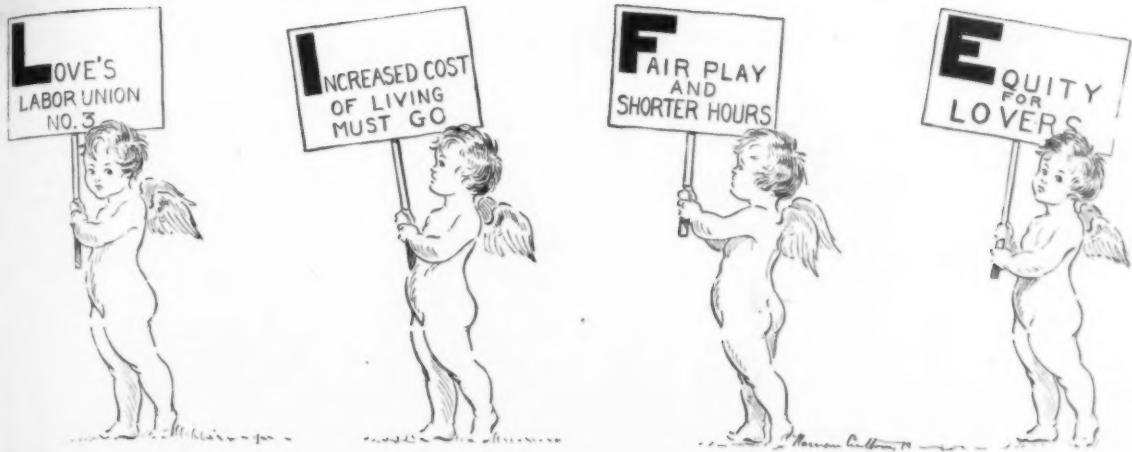
Always with the highest possible used-car value to be cashed in at any time.

Because the miles are built in the Packard ready for the new man to use when the first owner gives it up.

Packard representatives are always glad to talk about the true value of motor transportation whether you are ready to purchase or not. You will find a call at Packard headquarters interesting and profitable.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY -- Detroit



NO WONDER THE WORM HAS TURNED

Mistress in 1890: BRIDGET, WHEN YOU'VE TAKEN UP AND BEATEN ALL THE CARPETS, SCRUBBED THE FLOORS AND BROUGHT IN COAL FOR THE GRATES, I WANT MY TRUNK CARRIED DOWN FROM THE ATTIC. BESIDES, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE BETTER COFFEE THAN THIS, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I'M PAYING YOU TEN DOLLARS A MONTH FOR

A Lesson

THE oldest Mason in Massachusetts celebrated his one hundredth birthday recently. He was questioned closely concerning his method for accumulating such a gratifying number of years, and the discovery was then made that he smoked from two to five cigars a day. The centenarian added, however, that he had no reason to think that the smoking had helped his digestion to any noticeable extent, and he strongly advised everyone not to indulge in the vile, nasty weed. At first blush the centenarian may seem to be an ungrateful sort of person to go back on an old and faithful friend in this manner. Sober second thought, however, will make everyone realize that the old gentleman was merely affected by pernicious anti-smoking propaganda. He had no reason

to think that the smoking had helped his digestion, he said; but if one had punished several cigars every day between the Fall of the Alamo and the battle of Chateau-Thierry, and still retained even a fraction of his digestive apparatus, then one would have every reason to think that the smoking must have rendered his interior impervious to the attacks of time, weather and Bohemian cooking. He never would have thought of saying such mean things against tobacco unless some unscrupulous person had put them into his head. It's a lesson to all of us to take all attacks on tobacco with not only a grain, but with an entire paifful, of salt.



"BUT I AM DIFFERENT FROM OTHER MEN—THE MORE I KISS YOU, THE MORE I WANT TO."
"NO, YOU'RE NOT—YOU'RE JUST THE SAME. THEY ALL SAY THAT."

MY father used to give me this advice: 'Always think before you speak.'"

"But, didn't he want you to talk at all?"



THE FIRST ELECTION DAY
THE CANDIDATES MEET IN JOINT DEBATE

Announcement

THE third of the stupendous "Birth" series of films is about to be released under the title, "The Birth of the Universe." It is undoubtedly the most colossal, the most stupendous, the most gigantic and the prettiest film that the great director has ever turned out. Its production called for four mountains, thirty million cubic feet of pure air, nine clouds and fourteen directors, all wearing leather puttees.

This production, although not lacking in heart interest, does not deal with human emotions, but with the passions of those mighty cosmic forces which molded the universe long before Adam and Eve went fruit-ranching. The main plot deals with the effort of Force, the villain, to turn Feldspar, the heroine, into granite. This dastardly plot is thwarted by Gravity, who manages by almost superhuman efforts to bring about a collision between Earth and Moon, and thereby saves Feldspar from her awful fate of becoming granite. She becomes moonstones instead. This is the climax of the play, and can justly be called the greatest scene ever produced in any indoor studio.

Force is played by Fearless Dugbanks. He is introduced juggling three of Jupiter's moons. Feldspar is played by Bessie Frivol, who will be remembered for her excellent work in "The Sin That Should Have Been Hers." Although this part is somewhat heavy, Miss Frivol imparts great sweetness to it. Roscoe Shoebuckle as Gravity will be one of the hits of the season.

A beautiful little love story is interwoven, called "H to O, or The Loves of the Molecules." The story shows how Hydrogen and Oxygen, although enclosed within a million tons of rock, felt the dawning of that great love for one another which has furnished the theme for many a chemical lecture. As Paolo was to Francesca, as Romeo to Juliet, so is H to O.

The film ends with the beginning of life upon earth in the form of the amoeba or one-celled creature. A real amoeba swimming in a drop of water is employed for this part, but by a very clever film device, consisting of two close-ups, an iris-in and four chemical



A CHRISTIAN MARTYR

fade-outs, the amoeba appears as a mermaid sitting on Plymouth Rock. This introduces the final episode, in which the mermaid foretells the world war and gives a chance for some battle-scenes which are among the bloodiest ever fought in Los Angeles.

The next of the "Birth" series will be even more stupendous, gigantic, colossal and pretty. It is to be called "The Birth of the Creator," and it is rumored that the director himself will take the 'title rôle.'

J. L. Schoolcraft.

The Poor Poet

I'D rather be a poet, friend of mine,
And live up five flights in a crazy
garret
Than gorge myself on husks among the
swine,
Or perch high—in a cage—and be a
parrot
And say what other parrots said before.
Five flights! Well, what's the odds—
or six or seven?
You and the Jews can have the whole
ground floor,
For my sweet garret's five flights
nearer heaven. W. H. A., Jr.



"LADIES OF THE JURY—"



THE MAN WHO TOLD YOU A HARD-LUCK STORY AND GOT A DOLLAR — AND THE MAN YOU TURNED DOWN



DAILY BREAD

O Conscript Fathers!

A Page, Hitherto Unpublished, from the "Congressional Record"

(Scene: The House of Misrepresentatives)



THE SPEAKER: Under the order of the House the gentleman from Rosy Valley (Mr. Fussfut) is recognizable for four-and-a-quarter minutes.

MR. FUSSFUT: What'll it be, boys?

MR. FLATHEAD (of Brassneedles): Will the gentleman yield?

MR. FUSSFUT: Sure.

MR. FLATHEAD: Tell us the one

about the bazoo player.

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Brassneedles has suggested the story of the bazoo player. Is there objection?

MR. KALBMOSES (of Verschantzen): Reserving the right to object, is it an objectionable story?

MR. FUSSFUT: It was a day of great rejoicing throughout the realm—

MR. KALBMOSES: Will the gentleman yield to a point?

MR. FUSSFUT: I haven't got to the point.

MR. KALBMOSES: I know that. I want to make the point.

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Verschantzen wants to make the point. Is there objection?

MR. FUSSFUT: I object. Is he telling the story?

MR. KALBMOSES: All I wanted to say, Mr. Speaker, was that I do not like the sound of the word "realm." It has a medieval sound, a feudal sound that suggests oppressive autocracy. In this enlightened age—in these great and glorious United States that stand for liberty—that stand for equality—that stand for more than I can say—

MR. FUSSFUT: They stand for a lot when they keep you in the House.

MR. KALBMOSES: Mr. Speaker, I ask for unanimous consent to inscribe in the record that, due to the insult received, I have just busted the gentleman from Rosy Valley on the nose.

THE SPEAKER: You have it. Proceed with the story.

MR. FUSSFUT: As I said, it was a day of great rejoicing throughout the realm. (*Glares at Mr. Kalbmoses. The gentleman from Verschantzen has his feet on his desk and has gone to sleep.*) The sun shone in the sky, the breeze blew and the little birds sang—

THE SPEAKER: The four-and-a-half minutes have expired. The gentleman from Rosy Valley will have to finish his story in the luncheon room.

MR. WARTHOGG (of Little Toucan): Mr. Speaker—

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Little Toucan is recognizable for two-and-a-third minutes.

MR. WARTHOGG: There was a young lady named Alice—

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Little Toucan claims that there was a young lady named Alice.

MR. FLATHEAD: Reserving the right to object, why was her name Alice?

MR. WARTHOGG: Why is your name Flathead?

MR. FLATHEAD: Is the gentleman from Little Toucan trying to get personal? If so, I should like to refer back to the nose-busting of the gentleman from Rosy Valley.

MR. FUSSFUT: Reserving the right to object, could her name be anything else but Alice?

MR. WARTHOGG: It could not. If my worthy and esteemed associates will do me the honor, I shall give them the full benefit of this very fair bit of original verse:

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who lived at her ease in a palace;
Though questions arose re her jewels and clothes
She never bore any one malice. (*Applause.*)

THE SPEAKER: That was very fair, very fair indeed. Have you another one?

MR. WARTHOGG: No; but the gentleman from Verschantzen has. I will yield to him. (*Applause.*)

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Verschantzen is asleep. To awaken him is contrary to parliamentary law. It is now under the order of the House to treat with more serious subjects such as prohibition, railroad administration and peace treaties.

MR. BLIMP (of Squggett's Four Corners): I suggest that those subjects be referred back to the President for treatment. He knows more about them than we do.

THE SPEAKER: An excellent proposal. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

THE SPEAKER: Dispensing with parliamentary form, let us adjourn. Last out pays for the drinks. (*Tumultuous applause.*)

Congress adjourned, F. O. B., 11:45. All were pleased.

Henry William Hanemann.



Jack: MANY CHANGES IN YOUR APARTMENT THIS YEAR?
Jill: RATHER! TWO PIANOLAS AND FIVE PHONOGRAHPS MOVED OUT!

· LIFE ·

We Have Always with Us—



WITH boundless love and
gratitude
I view the juicy plati-
tude,
And serve it every
morning
As a breakfast appe-
tizer.

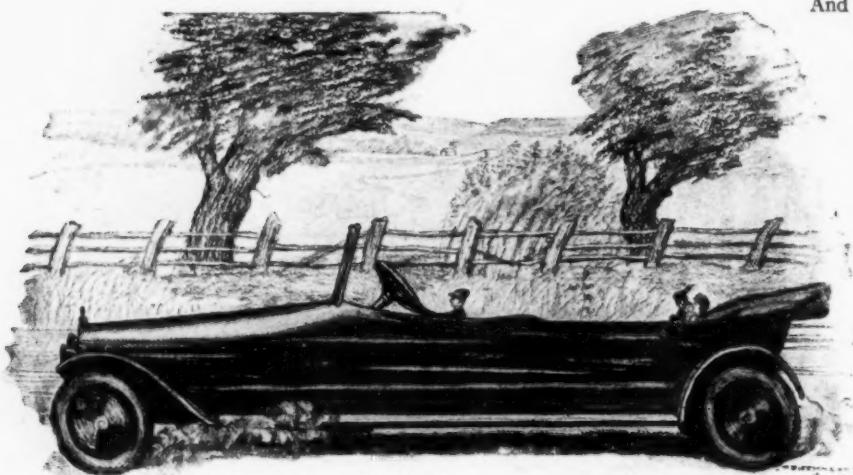
If piquant words embellish it
The other boarders relish it.
It always makes a hellish hit—
And they are none the wiser.

Oh, tried and trusty platitude,
You are my best beatitude!
I take you daily to my work
And use you on the boss.
If I should give him something new
He'd hardly know the thing to do,
And so I must resort to you.
You always get across!

Oh, trite, insipid platitude
At home in every latitude,
In Sitka and in Singapore
I take you out to lunch.
I overwork you I confess,
And yet, my thoughts were colorless
Without you, and they now possess
Élan and verve and punch.

And so I strike an attitude.
And flaunt the paltry platitude
I go through life a vassal
To its tender tyranny.
It pleases everybody quite.
They think my conversation bright,
And say with evident delight,
"Such brains and subtlety!"

And so I give my gratitude
To you, oh hackneyed platitude!
I use you on the folks I meet
And they are none the wiser.



THE WAY THE NEW CAR SEEKS AFTER THE FORD



9 A.M. -- Breakfast



9:30 -- The Toilet



10 -- The Morning Paper



10:30 -- The Trip to Work



11 -- Planning the Day's Work



12 -- Luncheon at the Club



1:30 -- Work



2:00 -- The Whistle

LABOR

At dinners I were lost indeed
Were you not there to serve my need.
And so I hold you as a creed—
And spout you like a geyser!
—Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

As we grow older, our enjoy-
ment of the simple becomes
more complex.

Self-Protection

"TEN cents for a glass of
milk is an outrage!" ex-
claimed the irate customer.
"You never used to charge me
more than five."

"I know I didn't," said the
proprietor of the dairy lunch-
room, "but I was forced to
raise my price because of the
high-handed action of my milk
dealer. He raised me a cent a
quart."

Copyright Life Publishing Co



"ARE YOU SURE, DEAR, THAT YOU ARE ECONOMIZING AS MUCH ON THE TABLE AS POSSIBLE?"
"DEAR ME, YES! WHY, IT IS ONLY COSTING US TWICE AS MUCH AS IT DID BEFORE THE WAR."

OCTOBER 30
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 74
No. 1931

Published by

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ANDREW MILLER, President and Treasurer

JAMES S. METCALFE, Secretary

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THE Peace Treaty is doing pretty well. The amendments so far have all been beaten. The more violent obstructionists are working for delay. The others are out for reservations and assert that the Treaty cannot be ratified without such reservations as they exact.

Perhaps it can't, but the necessary reservations may be rational interpretations which will not send the Treaty back for revision. There is a strong group of moderate and able Republican senators who work quietly and are anxious that the Treaty shall be ratified. They are not at all like Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, who declared that he was irrevocably committed to the principle of the League of Nations, but would vote for destructive amendments of the present Treaty. They want the League of Nations now and want this present Treaty to be ratified, and want the United States to be included in the League. They do not even wish to wait, like Senator Walsh, until the political millennium has dawned in Ireland, before joining the League. They are "do-it-now" voters, and they seem steady on their political pins.

These Republicans are bargaining, not for themselves or their party, but for the Treaty. They will go as far as they can to satisfy their Republican colleagues. They will agree to anything in reason and perhaps a little more, but their colleagues must come part of the way to them. They are just now the Treaty's best bower.

When the Irish influence, and the

sore-head Democratic influence, and the extreme Anti-Wilson Republican influence have done their utmost to Burke it, and it finally comes to a vote, we shall see what we shall see, and the prospect is that the sight will be good for eyes that are sore from watching. When it really comes to a show-down, whether to dismiss the Treaty or to ratify it—whether to join the other nations or draw away from them—the Treaty is likely to get some very unexpected votes. Its opponents may be ever so fierce and noisy and protracted in fighting it, but an important proportion of them know that it would be a very serious matter to reject it, and that the rejecters would have to face a settlement that they would not like.



THERE came to notice the other day a picture of Mr. Wilson, trussed up like Nathan Hale, ready to be hanged, and regretting that he had but one life to give to his country. The picture was intended to be satirical, and to represent Mr. Wilson precisely as he is not. A good many people who might see it would applaud it possibly as clever ridicule, but to a great many others it would represent our President just as they see him. To them he looks to be a man who has held his life cheap, and has been as ready as any soldier to give it for humanity. In his speech at Reno, answering those who fear the League will get the United States into trouble,

he said: "I want to get into any trouble that will help liberate mankind. I don't want to be always thinking about my skin or my pocket-book, or my friendships."

To which the *Sun* retorted (September 24th): "His skin! His pocket-book! His friendships!" That expressed well enough the contemptuous attitude of the group the *Sun* represents towards the President. They see in him nothing but vanity, delusion, self-adulation and partisanship. They hoot at him in such words as offer, except when they think, as for the moment now, that hooting may be bad politics. They seem quite incapable of conceiving that he has any ideas or any purpose beyond self-aggrandizement. To all fabulous tales about him that are discreditable, their minds have all along been open. They concede that he is able. They have to. But to any suggestion that he takes thought wisely for the country or the world, or cares for anyone or anything but himself, they have nothing but jeers.

These persons remind one of those whom the gods have concluded to destroy. They have gone addle-headed; their minds are not working right; they don't see what is there. One has to feel concerned about them, and wonder where they will bring up.

Mr. Wilson seems to be getting better; doubtless he is getting better. There is a good prospect that he will regain all his vigor. But it will take time, for he was put to bed an exhausted man, and it is a bad time for him to get the amount of rest he needs. However, as the pious people say, he is in the Lord's hands, and should be more comfortable in that keeping than some of his detractors might be.



BUT, for that matter, we are all in the Lord's hands, which is the same as to say that we are in the condition of having very limited control of what happens to us. These strikes! How little, comparatively, we can do



"DERE MISTER EDITER—I AM SENDING YOU A POME TO PRINT IN YORE MAGAZINE AND SOME STAMPS FOR RETURN IN CASE YOU CAN'T. IF YOU BUY IT, PLEASE KEEP THE STAMPS, AND I WILL CALL FOR THEM"

about them, though our government means to have a say about the coal strike! We are buffeted about by them like ships in a storm, and pretty well do our best when we make everything tight and settle down to ride it out. Judge Gary told the Washington conference not to meddle with the steel strike, whereat Uncle Sam Gompers was grieved and presently, after failure of the vote to endorse collective bargaining, led his Labor brethren out of the conference. That was too bad; too bad the capital group failed by one vote to pass the resolution offered; too bad the Labor group bolted; too bad the conference as it was could not have got somewhere. In the end, these people must agree. Judge Gary and Uncle Gompers, as leaders in their groups, are both doctors by the bedside of the existing order, and in spite of differences of opinion about diagnoses and remedies, they both want to cure the patient. But against them is, as one might say, all Hell—Bolshevists, I. W. W.'s, revolutionaries, agitators—all bent on putting a knife into the patient at the first sign that he is getting better. Jacob Margolis, the interesting general counsel of the I. W. W. in Pittsburg (a Hebrew person apparently) was frank to admiration about it in his talk to the

Senate Committee on Labor and Education. The Committee got education from him in good measure. He disclosed with cheerful candor that he and his men were out to abolish government, and take what there was. He did not consider that anything was due to capital. He did consider that Foster was the head of the steel strike, and that he went into the A. F. of L. to introduce the I. W. W. serum into its circulation.

The I. W. W. seems to be in all the big strikes. Everyone of them looks good to Margolis. He said so. They cannot be settled except for the moment by concessions about hours and wages. The great settlement must go near enough to the root of things to break the influence of the I. W. W. on Labor.

And that's a large contract. A speaker at the recent Unitarian conference in Baltimore said that the industrial questions of the day had ceased to be merely industrial because certain classes are making them political and "are endangering the very foundations of the republic by acting upon the material and selfish interests of a class." These problems, he said, "must cease to be merely industrial by becoming spiritual, for they are finally spiritual."

That is to say that they belong to

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religion, which is true, but is a truth whereof the application presents difficulties.



TO the recent chortle of Republican Chairman Hays, that "everywhere the people are looking to the Republican Party as the country's only means of salvation," the *World* coldly declared that it wasn't so; that "this country is very sick of politicians, whatever label they wear"; that it "no longer believes in them and no longer trusts them." Both of our parties, it says, are shot to pieces; "neither has the confidence of the great mass of voters, and the one hope of either of them in 1920 is that it may be accepted as a choice of evils."

These unfeeling remarks come very near the bull's eye, and are applicable, not only to these states, but to all the rest of the world. Humanity is tired of politicians. They got it in wrong, and it is very sore and does not like them. They have not had the goods, and humanity wants the goods and no more fooling!

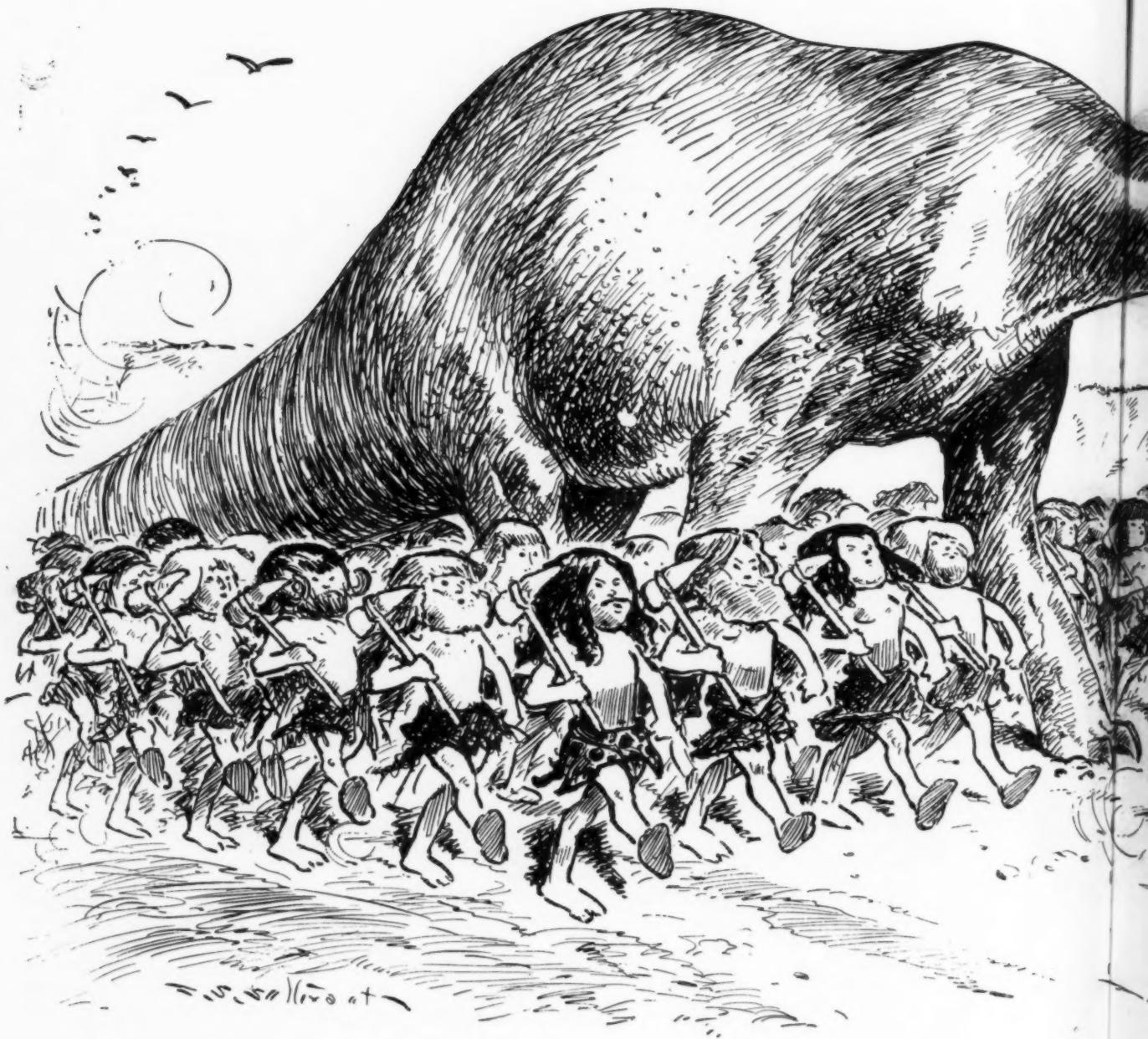
Anybody who has the goods is invited to come to the front of the stage where the limelight can find him, but for the politicians who are merely playing politics, the back seat



WHAT luck for the Roman Catholic Church to have Cardinal Mercier going to and fro in this country, and winning all hearts and all honorary degrees just at the time when the push of the Irish against the Peace Treaty was creating a bias against even the Irish religion!

The Cardinal is doing a great service here. He was cheered at the Episcopal Convention at Detroit, and would have been cheered at any meeting of religious people where cheers are proper, and might even have been well received by the I. W. W.

He is furnishing a great and timely illustration that a man of God is a man of God, no matter what may be his taste in hats.

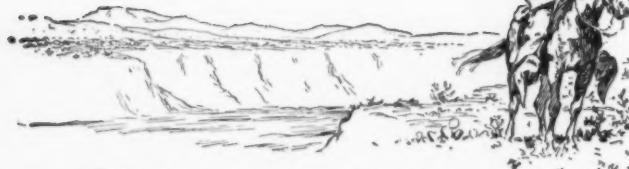


Stone Axe Regiment and



giment and Their Mascot

• LIFE •

The Mitigation

DUN o' the sand an' blaze o' the sky,
An' me with my leg in a pinto's flank,
Ridin' the ridge o' the Rio's bank,
When out o' a big clump of sage, hard by,
Steps bunkie o' mine for twenty years past—
When youth was as hot as a furnace blast—
Captain of Company I, MacRay.
I spoke to him in a friendly way.



He gave me a grin
As happy as sin,
An' held out a hand to say,
"Sergeant Luck has just got back from down to Monterey!"

"Well! Who in th' hell is Luck?" says I.
Mac up with an ornery oath an' said,
"Well, keep a civil tongue in your head,
An' I'll tell you the tale. My eye!
Bobby Luck! Jupiter! Haven't you seen
Fellows you worshiped because they was clean?
Mimicked their speech-trick and aped their way?
An' manfully smiled when they troubled to say
Kind truths that struck?
Yeh? Well—that was Luck!
An' a week ago last Saturday
Sergeant Luck deserted, an' ran off to Monterey!



"Answered at roll-call his bunkie, Dover.
Give me a letter he said that he found
Lyin' right close to his head on th' ground,
First thing he saw when he woke and turned over.
All that it said was: 'Bobby, ol' pard,
Baby is dead. An' I'd die less hard
Up to your heart in the old happy way.

(Doctor said I'd scarcely live one more day!)
Poor Dover swallowed
For words, and swallowed:
And blurted out, 'Captain MacRay!
It's a hundred miles, an' over, by the road, to Monterey!'

"My duty it was to do. So I went;
Took the poor little note from the Sergeant's wife,
Beggin' to see him once more in life,
An' headed for General Pettigrew's tent.
Handed it over without a word.
(Beatin' of his heart an' mine I heard!)
Then Pettigrew gritted: 'He went, to-day?
And we in the thick of this Greaser affray?
Well—take out your men
And search for him, then.
But, damn your soul, Donald MacRay,
I'd advise you to stay clear the road that leads to Monterey!"

"Pettigrew's charger, The Devil, was gone.
(Bob himself told me, he used all his wiles:
But the poor brute gave out. An' he shot him, ten miles
This side o' Monterey city, at dawn.)
He got there in time, just, to tell her good-bye:
Hold her, an' love her, an' help her to die.



Then—in less than three hours, while grief still held sway,
He threw back his red head an' started this way!
We counted him dead.
But Pettigrew said:
"Tell Sergeant Luck, Captain MacRay,
That his leave of absence started when he struck—for Monterey!"

"An' now, in th' mornin', at crack o' th' dawn,
There'll be nobody shot by the ol' 'dobe wall.
Every man-jack had tears ready to fall.
But all the need for 'em's up-buckled an' gone:
Less'n it's joy tears." I rose in th' path:
An' Mac rose beside me, as straight as a lath.
I gripped his hand hard as I mounted my horse.
I wanted to speak, but it took all my force.
An' all I could say,
As I turned me away,
Was: "Tell Pettigrew he is an ol' trump, MacRay!
An', Gad! I'm glad to hear—as how—Luck's back—
from Monterey!"

Joseph Andrew Galahad.





THE JAZZLEYS TRY TO REMEMBER THAT CATCHY LITTLE TUNE THEY HEARD AT THE THEATRE LAST NIGHT

Query

A GENTLEMAN has recently been appointed Suffragan Bishop of New York, who was once a newspaper man. This does not necessarily discredit him either as a former newspaper man or as a present Bishop, but it opens up a new field of inquiry.

If newspaper men are going to allow their ambitions to stray toward bishoppries, will their training in inaccuracy be sufficient for the purpose? Or would it be better to be a bishop first and a newspaper man afterwards?

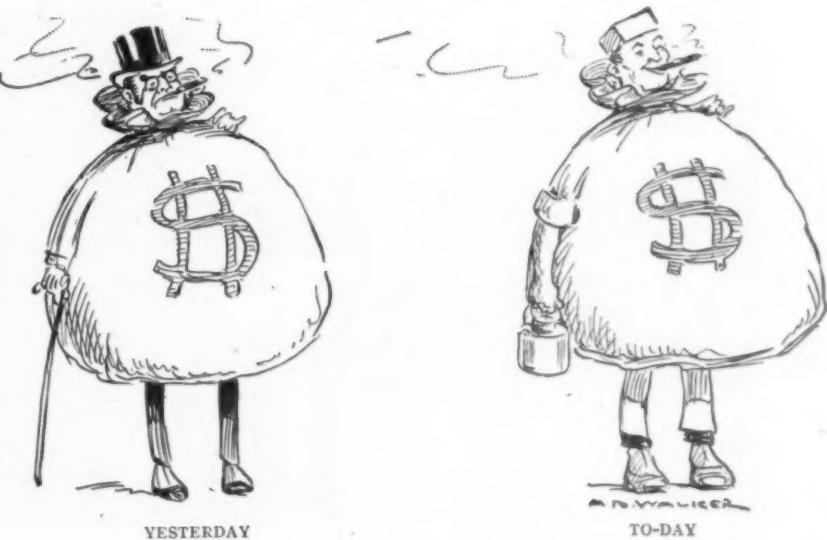
Guarded Utterances

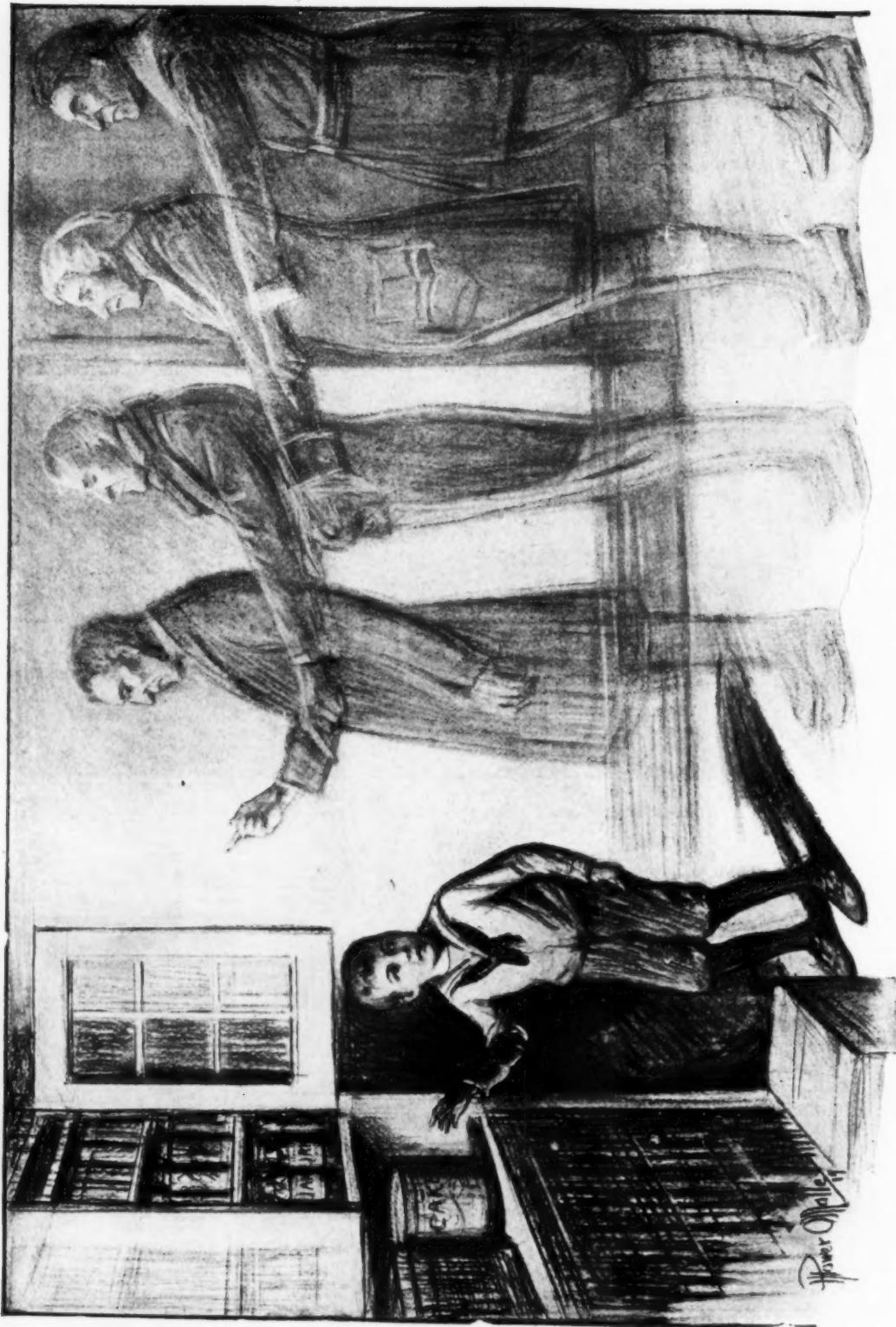
"Why does that fellow never say anything?"

"He has to be careful as to what he says."

"Huh?"

"He has a reputation for wit."





THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE

To Our Friends

LIFE has been temporarily afflicted by the printers' strike. For the time being we have had to abandon our colored covers. There have been other curtailments and displacements. Although our issues have been delayed, we are gradually catching up, and the continuity of LIFE's appearance remains unbroken.

To the many friends among our readers and advertisers, who have volunteered their loyalty and sympathy, we renew the assurances of our distinguished consideration.

Some Open Letters

Hon. League of Nations,
Care Col. E. M. House,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR LEAGUE: How are you feeling these days? I heard you weren't very well, so I thought I'd drop you a line from this end, as it may cheer you up to know how our folks are. This morning our prize hen laid an egg, which will have to last us another week. I hope to have a new suit next year. The shingles fell off the house this morning. We expect to build a fire Christmas, if we can borrow enough coal from the gentleman profiteer who lives next door. Our milkman didn't come today; he said it would be coupon day with him. We are buying the baby's coffin on the instalment plan. Not having any business to attend to on account of strikes, we are having a fine time disposing of our belongings to our former help. They all send love. Well, old fellow, keep yourself alive, even if the rest of us are welcoming death in almost any form.

Cordially and starvingly yours,
LIFE.

To the Public

DEAR PUBLIC: Has it ever occurred to you that you have a perfectly good country on your hands, and don't know what to do with it? There are still quite a few of its natural



"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"

resources left, in spite of the efforts of the politicians and the profiteers to destroy them; there is some wheat, some corn and cotton, some pockets of coal, a few trees and—in spite of Burleson—a railroad or two. Why not organize and pull out a plum or so for yourself? Everybody else has. And you've been a fairly good little boy. You've had your pants torn off you and your marbles taken away, and been fed on adulterated foods, and generally beaten up; and you haven't peeped. And you're some boy, if you would only organize.

Awaiting your reply, I am,
Expectantly yours,
LIFE.

To Mexico.

DEAR MEXICO: I wish I could do something to help you in your attempt to get into the limelight. Every once in a while you rise up in bed and try to make a noise like a man advertising himself—but you have never really learned how. You might come on and take a few lessons from Senator Hiram Johnson. Better stil' won't you be subjugated? Let us

become your patron saint. Let us, with the loving thought that we are doing this only for your sake, plaster upon you a few of the wonderful things that give us the opportunity for limelight gossip—nut and Billy Sundays, the multifarious antis, woman suffrage, picturesque journalism, congressional verbosity, profiteering, Los Angeles art and literary persiflage.

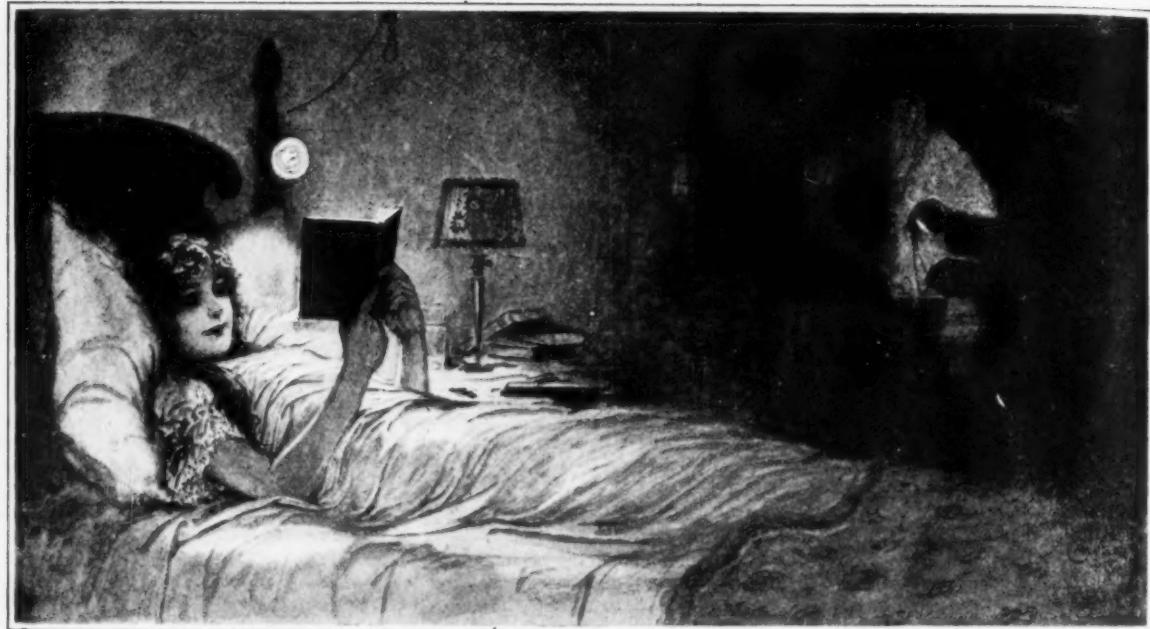
Please, Mexico, be subjugated. We need a new subject for profound drawing-room and smoking-bar speculation.

Restlessly yours,
LIFE.

From Suffragette to Kitchenette

BILLS: Do you notice any difference in your wife since she finished her work with the suffragettes?

GILLS: Difference? Can't say that I do, old man. She used to stay out all day to prove she was man's equal, and now she stays home all of the time to prove that having the ballot has not robbed her of her feminine instincts.



THE LOVE STORY



"WHAT'S THE FOOL IDEA?"

"I'M GOING HOME AND DEMONSTRATE TO THE CHILDREN WHAT A HIGH-ORDERED HUMAN BEING WOULD NOW LOOK LIKE IF CIVILIZATION HAD ALWAYS ADVANCED WITH THE RAPIDITY WHICH CHARACTERIZES ITS PROGRESS IN THE PRESENT DAY."

Utopia

THE "antis" of Utopia
Harmoniously dwell,
Because their program never fails
Dissenting thoughts to quell;
Each man just "antis" for himself,
And "antis" very well!

The vampires of Utopia
Are very circumspect;
They never vamp a fellow when
His relatives object;
(Fat girls, as well as thin, may vamp:
Both types are quite correct).

The dentists of Utopia
Are gentle as can be;
Whene'er they kill a nerve or two,
Their patients shout with glee;
And schoolboys have extractions done
With yells of ecstasy!

The babies of Utopia
Are rosy-cheeked and fair;
The lowly and the rich alike
Receive maternal care;
And tiny feet are taught to walk
Where daisies nod in prayer.

—Oliver B. Capelle.

Farewell!

I'M going now. If I should return
during my absence, please keep me
until I get back.

"BURLESON."



"I SUPPOSE, PAT, WHEN IRELAND'S A REPUBLIC, YOU'LL BE GOING BACK TO LIVE THERE AGAIN, EH?"

"OI WILL NOT, SORR. SURE WHIN OIRELAND'S FREE IT'LL BE NO SORT AV PLACE FOR A MAN O' MY SIZE AN' BUILD."

Was the Mayflower a Disreputable Ship?

THE teeming millions whose ancestors reached these shores in the Mayflower have been much given to telling those of us whose ancestors came over in the City of Rome that all things connected with the original Delfshaven-Plymouth liner were of a highly superior purity.

The Pilgrims themselves were Puritans, filled with purity of religion, purity of spirit, purity of purpose, and all the other available purities of the time. Of marked purity in design was the vast cargo of tables, chairs, silverware and china now decorative features of

so many thousand pure American homes. The landfall at Plymouth was mainly a matter of pure luck. But now comes one Winifred Morton, of 14 Adelaide Road, London, England, with citations from "The Loyalists of Massachusetts" and other colorful works to prove that the Mayflower herself was a vampire.

Originally, it appears, the Mayflower was a Dutch whaler. But to even this straightforward trade she brought a spirit of the nefarious. She never sailed twice from the same port. She changed her name with undue frequency. So shady was her character that the authorities viewed her with a watchful eye, thus inducing her

owner to sell her to the Pilgrim Fathers at a bottom price—a pure bargain, so to speak. She reformed sufficiently to carry them and their furniture to Plymouth Rock, but then the lure of the old gay life got her again.

Straight from straight Massachusetts sets she went into the slave trade. Her 'tween decks, which had held the hopes of Myles Standish, became the hopeless dungeon of fettered blackamoors. On her decks in strange, reeking harbors, her roistering crew drank puncheons of rum. Her swaggering captain clinked doubloons and pieces of eight in his velvet pockets. She was a slaver pure and simple, but by no means simple and pure. For such was her inherent recklessness and contempt for authority that she could not abide by even so much as the unoppressive code of the slave trade.

Flaunting through the Spanish Main with saucy defiance of all the conventions, she was overhauled, raked, hulled and sent to the bottom by a Spanish war galleon whose captain had a sense of propriety, and believed laws were made to be obeyed. Thus in disaster ended her disreputable career.

Those of us whose benighted ancestors came over on the prosaic City of Rome will naturally wonder why such distinctly élite folk as the Puritan Fathers elected to travel on a bumboat. The problem ranks with that mystery so often brooded upon by Mr. Al Jolson as to "Why do they all take the night boat for Albany?"

Roland F. Andrews.



Wife: JOHN, I WISH YOU WOULD GIVE YOUR NEW SUIT A THOROUGH OILING. IT SQUEAKS HORRIBLY!

The Lingerer

WELL, I really should be going!"
And he took—his—hat.
But there wasn't any knowing
When he'd leave—at—that;
For he has the trick of standing,
Inexhaustibly expanding
His opinions, on the landing
Or the front—door—mat.

"Now, I won't detain you longer!"
Were the sounds—he—made.
But his impulses were stronger,
And he stayed—and stayed,
Showing skill in conversation
And in picturesque narration
And in ratiocination
Of the top—most—grade.

Then, "Good-by! I must be starting!"
Were the words—that—fell.
So I wrung his hand in parting.
While I sighed—"Fare-well!"
But, for all I care, he may go
To the Island of Tobago
Or to Tierra del Fuego,
Where the Pen—guins—dwell!

Arthur Guiterman.



W.E. SHARPE + A.C.

His Wife: I WISH YOU'D TAKE FIDO OUT FOR A WALK, CHARLES.
Ex-Lieutenant: LOOK HERE, MABEL, I HATE TO REFUSE YOU ANYTHING, BUT
I'M DARNED IF I'LL BE AIDE-DE-CAMP TO A PEKE.



"YES, IT'S PRETTY PAINFUL. I'M ON MY WAY TO THE DENTIST
NOW."

"LUCKY BEGGER! I HAVE TO GO SHOPPING WITH MY WIFE."

Earning and Grabbing

WHEN a farmer wants a farm, he labors sixteen hours a day until he can save money to buy one. When railroad men want a railroad, they loaf sixteen hours a day and order Uncle Sam to buy one for them.



NEW NEIGHBORS
THE BEGINNING OF THE LOVE AFFAIR



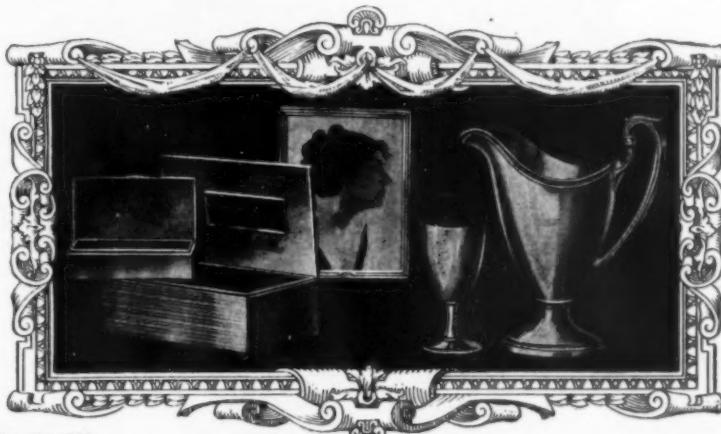
When the Men are Alone

AFTER dinner, when the men go into the library to talk business and swap stories, and the gray smoke of after-dinner cigarshangs like a mist over the easy chairs, nothing looks more home-like or attractive than the soft gleam of silverware in the lamplight, radiating like the smile of hospitality itself.

Water in a silver pitcher; cigarettes in a silver box, cigars on a silver tray; the picture of a wife or daughter in silver frame; coffee, perhaps, served in the library from a charming silver service—these things lend to the room something of the spirit and the sparkle that a good story lends to the conversation.

GORHAM SILVERWARE

GORHAM Sterling Silverware for the home is available from leading jewelers everywhere.



For the library or any man's room there is a wide selection of Gorham Silverware.

THE GORHAM COMPANY Silversmiths and Goldsmiths NEW YORK
WORKS: PROVIDENCE AND NEW YORK

**Untrue to Life**

Rustler, the dramatic critic, recently took his wife with him to attend a first performance. As they were leaving the theatre, he asked:

"Well, dear, how did you like the play?"

"Quite well," said Mrs. Rustler, "but there was one impossible thing in it. The second act takes place two years after the first, and yet the family have the same servant."—*Harper's*.

In Good

"You seem fond of the druggist's little boy."

"Yes, he kin git all the pills he wants fer our air guns."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE wisest thing Theodore Roosevelt ever said is quoted least: "The public won't take its own part."—*E. W. Howe's Monthly*.

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"SEEING IS BELIEVING, YOU KNOW."

Miss Flipp: "NOT ALWAYS. I SEE YOU QUITE FREQUENTLY, BUT I SELDOM BELIEVE YOU."

Knew Better

"How is it that Arthur never takes you to the theatre nowadays?" queried Marie.

"Well, you see," her friend replied, "one evening it rained, and we sat in the parlor."

"Yes?"

"Well, ever since that we—oh, I don't know; but don't you think that theatres are an awful bore?"

—*Tit-Bits*.

Recalling the Past

"What are you reading there?"

"A handbook on golf, published some years ago," answered Mr. Jagsby.

"You seem interested. I didn't know you played the game."

"I don't. There are six full-page advertisements of Scotch Whisky in the back of this book."—*Birmingham Age Herald*.

To say of a man that he will make a good husband is much the same sort of a compliment as to say of a horse that he is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.—*Blighty*.

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Never gets on your nerves

Doctors recommend it in place of the heavy type of cigar

Ask for Girard at the next cigar counter

ANTONIO ROIG & LANGSDORF
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Philadelphia

"Broker"
"Director"

Your Halloween Party will be a success if you attach a MOTROLA phonograph

Place a record in position, Touchelectric button on Motrola and on with the dance eliminating forever the annoyance of a "run down" machine

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NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

DEALERS—We have a wonderful proposition to offer you—write us.

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ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE'S
sympathetic, beautiful stories of
LAD: A DOG
For sale at all bookstores, \$2.00
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

A Mild Suggestion

MOST works of fiction have now gone to two dollars, and the publishers are unblushing in their declaration that even at such a price they are hard put to it to make both ends meet.

One way to do this would be to cut down the size of the books by getting the already overworked authors to omit the description of their characters. Whether this could be done without detriment to modern literary art as it is still practiced in America and Great Britain is, of course, a nice question. That it has been done by previous authors, who have still contrived to make their characters live, may be something worth considering. There was a man named Shakespeare who—presumably not knowing any better—did it. How much he might have added to the reality of Juliet—if he had applied the method of the modern author—it is only fair, however, to mention:

Juliet was distressingly lonely that morning.

Her breath came in short gasps, as her mind focused upon the trying situation that confronted her. If only that nurse would stop talking, she kept saying to herself wearily. And Romeo! Where was he? She wondered vaguely to herself what he was doing . . . She took out her wardrobe and looked it over. Yes, after all, she would wear her pink grenadine. She knew, intuitively, that



Homelike—but still in the heart of things

THE BILTMORE
NEW YORK



Vantines *The Oriental Store* **Free Catalog of Gifts Brings the Orient to Your Home**

WITH this beautiful book—which is mailed postpaid on request—you may wander, in fancy, through the Bazaars of the Far East without leaving your own fireside. It illustrates (many in actual colors) and describes thousands of quaint and curious Oriental objects of art and utility imported by Vantine's for Christmas Gifts, for American homes and for your own personal use.

Write Now For Your Copy of This Beautiful Book

See what an adequate expression of your Christmas sentiment may be had at "The Oriental Store" for a few cents or a few dollars, in gifts that will be treasured always. Your name and address on a postal will do. Address Dept. 12.

-A·A·VANTINE & CO. Inc-
FIFTH AVENUE AND 39th STREET, NEW YORK
The largest Oriental store in America. Established over half a century

she looked best in pink. . . . She gazed at herself in the Venetian mirror. She had suffered—how she had suffered. Her face showed that—the tell-tale lines were already beginning to form around her dimpled mouth—And she was only fourteen!

"Hamlet" would, no doubt, have been improved by Bernard Shaw:

SCENE 1. A large open castle. Four embattled towers with three feet six inches of ivy on right. On each tower 34-foot platform with sentry box, etc.

Francisco, a man weighing 175 pounds, 5 feet 9 inches in height, is blowing his fingers and walking restlessly back and forth. He has a large nose that looks like a bunch of sign painters' putty stuck on his face. He is clothed in a home-spun suit of—etc.

It will readily be seen from these extracts that it is dangerous on the part of modern authors to go back to the primitive technique of Shakespeare and other old boys of his period.



Brave and Brainy

SWEET GIRL: The man I marry must be both brave and brainy.

ADORING YOUTH: When we were out sailing and upset the boat, I saved you from a watery grave.

SWEET GIRL: That was brave, I admit, but not brainy.

ADORING YOUTH: Yes, it was, I upset the boat on purpose.

Five years later he wished he'd only upset the boat.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

Helping Him

"You told him to diet," said the young doctor's wife.

"Yes, I told him to eat only the very plainest food and very little of that."

"Do you think that will help him?"

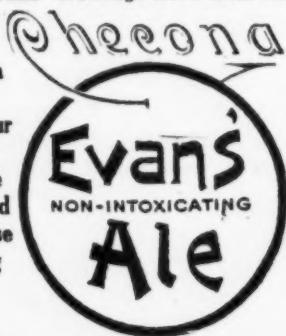
"It will help him pay my bill."—*Boston Transcript*.

Another Prohibition Problem

When a bootlegger is shot shall we blame the law, the agent of law enforcement or the violator of the law? Let us be logical, anyhow.—*Baltimore American*.

WHY, CERTAINLY!

It is just as fine a cold weather beverage as the other Evans' brewings have been for 133 years.



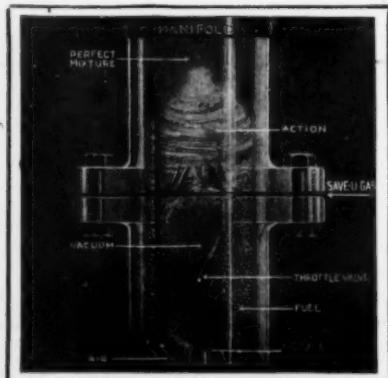
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eliminates carbon, gives more pep and mileage in automobiles, trucks, tractors, gasoline engines. It is highly endorsed by users and automobile authorities in this country, and in England, where it is known as "Save-U-Petrol," is unqualifiedly endorsed by an Aero Engineer and member of The British Engineers Association.

"Save-U-Gas" has no wearing parts—hence nothing to get out of order—and will last the lifetime of the engine. Regular sizes sell for \$1.50—extra sizes or odd shapes a little higher.

Beware of infringements. If your dealer hasn't "Save-U-Gas" write direct, giving make and model of car, truck, tractor or gasoline engine or imprint of manifold union to S. C. and S. Company, Second and E Streets, San Diego, California.



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"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

30¢

Marquises

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

"The Capewell" Nail is the Answer

to a lot of questions which have been asked as to the surest, safest and easiest way to shoe a horse. For many years this nail has been the choice of the leading horseshoers who have made a study of the matter. For your horse no nail so good.

Ask for it!

The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.

HERE'S A NEW ONE

Absolutely the best trick ever. Make coins vanish from and reappear on the surface of any table. Has them all guessing. Just the thing for that dull moment when you're entertaining. Send to the originator for it at once and be the first one to pull it on your friends.

IT SURE IS GOOD!

Simply enclose a quarter and your name and address. Please do not send stamps. ALFRED SCHNEIDER, 2521 Arlington Ave., Davenport, Iowa.



"PARDON ME FOR INTERRUPTING YOU, LADIES, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO GET A PAIR OF FUR-LINED GLOVES BEFORE THE REALLY COLD WEATHER SETS IN"



SHOCK OF THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS GETTING FREE ADVICE OVER THE 'PHONE FROM HIS DOCTOR

Hard Times for Jackson Jones

THESE are the days in which men who in their youth were lagging scholars, get caught up with. For example: Jackson Jones was an idle boy, not unintelligent but a hater of lessons. His parents sent him to St. Pentateuch's school, where he remained with difficulty four years, being once dropped. Then being dropped again his parents took him out, had him tutored and sent him to old Mather Academy at Butover



"BRAD" Sport Gloves

are largely hand-made—
are cut over special
patterns to insure the
maximum of fit, warmth
and appearance.

Ask for Style Slips and Name
of Nearest Dealer

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GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

The
TRAPPER, a
knitted-Angora
lined cape glove
for men
\$6.00

W.L. Douglas

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00

You can save money by wearing W.L. Douglas shoes, the best known shoes in the world. Sold by 106 W. L. Douglas own stores and over 9000 shoe dealers. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices

are the same everywhere—they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. By this method of marketing our shoes, W. L. Douglas gives the wearer shoes at the lowest possible cost.

W. L. Douglas \$7 and \$8 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are the leaders everywhere. W. L. Douglas \$9 and \$10 shoes are made throughout of the finest leather the market affords, with a style endorsed by the leaders of America's fashion centers; they combine quality, style and comfort equal to other makes selling at higher prices. W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with his name and price stamped on the bottom.

If W. L. Douglas shoes cannot be obtained in your vicinity order direct from factory by mail. Parcel Post charges prepaid. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.



BOYS
SHOES
Best in the World
\$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00

President W. L. Douglas
Shoe Co., 147 Spark St.,
Brockton, Mass.

in Massachusetts. From there he got into Harvard, was able to stay there two years, and then for reasons connected with scholarship went to Princeton where, three years later he got an A. B. degree.

Subsequently he got married and went into business with some energy, and, being continually prodded by the needs of a growing family, did well and got fairly high wages. Now at sixty he is an object of pecuniary interest to St. Pentateuch's, which must have a million dollars to keep its teachers from starving, to Mather Academy at Butover that is out for a million and a half, and to Harvard and Princeton, who must have fifteen millions apiece to save them from down-and-out.

His boys and girls have been to

schools—the boys to St. Gideon's and the girls to St. Tabithas, and both to various colleges, all of which are calling for help with piteous cries of calculated penetration. The boys and girls have no money to speak of yet, and look to father to help them meet their moral obligations to the cause of education.

It makes it rather anxious times for Jackson Jones. He has an income tax, the same as other solvent persons. He gets letters from his spiritual advisers saying that this is the time of all times for a great missionary drive. All the regular charities—hospitals and the like, a great flock—that ever besought him, beseech him now with increased fervor. His heart bleeds for the starving children of Vienna; he groans at the fix of Poles and Armenians, and tries to

LIFE



NEWTON & CO.

Sole Agents for the U. S. A.
Scribner Bldg., 597 Fifth Ave., New York



"I NOTICE, JOHN, THAT YOU HAVE A HABIT OF LEAVING THE CHURCH BEFORE THE SERMON."

"WELL, SIR, I HAVE TO, BECAUSE I SNORE SOMETHIN' FIERCE WHEN I'M ASLEEP."

respond to appeals for them. Mere nibbles, generous nibbles, at money may do for the charities and the distress stories, but the concerns pressing for endowment funds want large bites, appreciable slices of income—all incomes being now precarious—that will continue for four or five years.

Altogether it is quite a hard autumn for Jackson Jones, and he thinks with some envy of persons who lately lived in trenches and bomb-proofs, and had nothing worse than mud, rats and cooties to plague them. He has times of suspicion that somehow things are not going just right, and that in particular it is not constitutional that the High Cost of Education should be so *ex post facto*, especially when one did not get much education anyhow, and has lived as nearly up to his income as he dared, and supports a block of life insurance, and does not want to pledge his entire capacity to relieve distress for years to come since the world is in a mighty precarious state and he does not know who will be distressed next—and it may be his own folks.

E. S. M.

Too Bad About Britisher

WHAT a very poor word Britisher is, and how unworthy to express what it does! Englishman, Irishman, Scotsman, Australian, Canadian, are all good words that taste good in the mouth and hit the ear as they should. But Britisher is washy. It has no dignity. It is a poor dish-rag word. Britain is good; British is good; but Britisher is not good at all.

Briton is all right, but does not mean and never will mean what Britisher does.

We have made as poor use of Democracy, I sometimes think, as the Russians have made of Nihilism.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Nobody ever Changes from RAMESES

STEPHANO BROS.
RAMESES
CIGARETTES

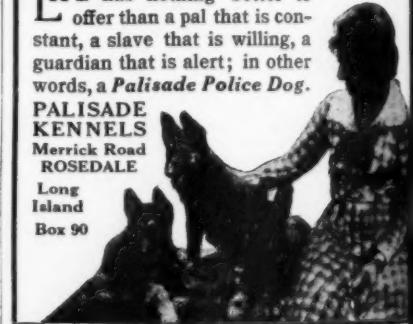
EGYPTIAN
CIGARETTES TURKISH TOBACCO

because the quality of Rameses never changes

25¢

LIFE has nothing better to offer than a pal that is constant, a slave that is willing, a guardian that is alert; in other words, a *Palisade Police Dog*.

PALISADE KENNELS
Merrick Road
ROSEDALE
Long Island
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Build Jails Separate

THE million-dollar court house in Omaha contained a jail, and was burned up with all its records and other valuables in the course of the recent quest of excited citizens for a negro in the jail. Will architects and others please take notice that jails are subject to experiences of an emotional character that do not necessarily happen to court houses, and should be separate edifices that can be burned when necessary without excessive expense or damage to the public records.

The Imperative

HECK: I understand that your wife is subject to moods.

PECK: Wrong! She has but one, and I am subject to that.

—Boston Transcript

FOWNES
NAME IN EVERY PAIR

How many can you name—

things to wear known for 142 years as "good value"?

Give it up?
Well, there's Fownes

GLOVES
FOR MEN. WOMEN & CHILDREN

PARIS

Hotel Lutetia

The most modern Hotel
First-class Restaurant—Concert

J. Cadillat, Manager



THE WAY YOU FEEL WHEN YOU TRY TO HEAT THE KIND OF HOUSE THEY BUILD TODAY.

Manning-Bowman Quality Ware

Means **MB** Best

EVERY Manning, Bowman device is unusually practical. The reversible toaster turns the toast over when you turn the knob; the iron has extra heat at the point, and holds its heat for ironing the small pieces after electricity is turned off.

All are economical to use—and decidedly attractive. All make the day's work easier and more pleasant. All are of exceptional quality to be worthy of the 50-year-old Manning, Bowman trademark.

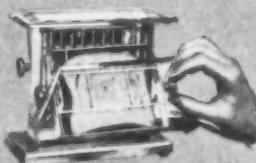
This trademark is found on all HOTAKOLD vacuum vessels, which keep liquids *cold* for 72 hours and *hot* for 24 hours. Nickel plate, silver plate, aluminum and colored enamel.

For sale at electric shops, department and hardware stores, jewelers' and novelty shops. Write for special data.

MANNING, BOWMAN & COMPANY
Meriden, Conn.

Makers of Household and Table Appointments in Nickel Plate, Copper and Aluminum

No. 1400 Electric Grill, \$12.00



Electric Toasters
Reversible Door Style
\$7.25 up. Other Styles, \$6.50 up



Electric Iron with Heel Rest, \$7.00



No. 8293 Range Type Percolator
Nickel Plated, \$9.50
Others, \$4.00 up



No. 23060 Salad Set, \$8.50



Tilting Carafes
\$11.00 up



Bottles
½ Pints
Pints
Quarts
\$2.50 up



Carafes
Pints
Quarts
3 Pints
\$3.25 up

Decorated Carafe and Jug Sets
\$13.00 up



Martin & Martin Shoes

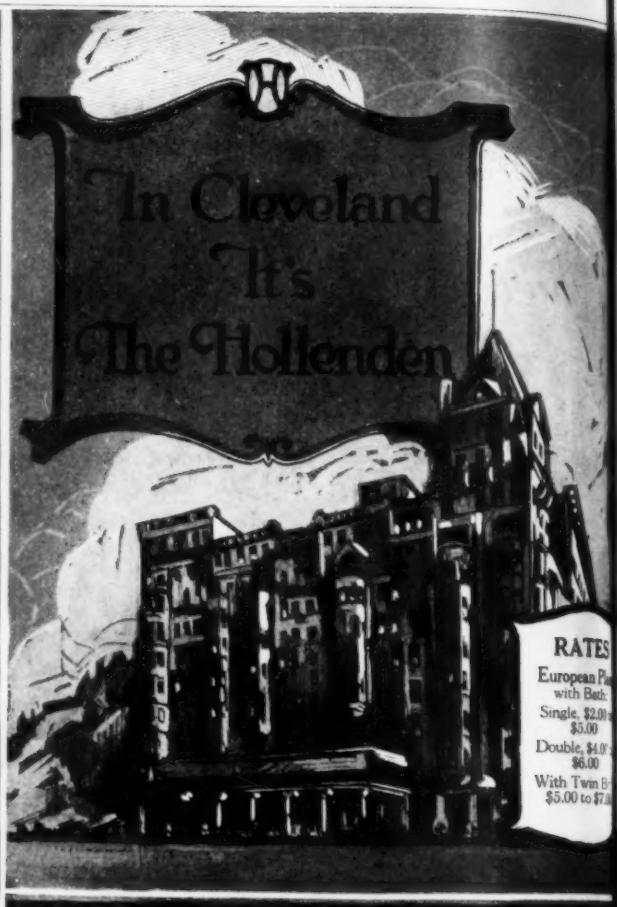
are simply the best shoes that can be made—nothing less, nothing more. Everything else about them is conditioned upon this fact of superlative quality. If you want the best, there is no room to choose—there are no other shoes like them—and because they are the best, they are the most economical shoes you can buy. They are priced according to their intrinsic worth.

Note—Those who cannot visit the stores, buy satisfactorily by mail. Our fitting charts, simple, accurate and easily used, will be sent upon request.

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Fine Shoes and Hosiery for Men and Women

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VIOLETS
DELICATELY SCENTED GOLD TIPS
25¢ for 10 DOZ DE LUXE OF 100 ~ \$2.50

If your dealer cannot supply you write

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Broadway
New York



"BY THE WAY, MISS KEYS, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MR. FENDERS. I CAN'T READ HIS WRITING. JUST RING HIM UP AND FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ABOUT"

LIFE

"Righto-
they Satisfy"



RATES
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with Bed:
Single, \$2.00
\$5.00
Double, \$4.00
\$6.00
With Twin Bed
\$5.00 to \$7.00

EVERY other cigarette you've ever smoked stopped somewhere short of giving you what Chesterfields *can and do* give—the greater enjoyment of a cigarette that *satisfies*.

Chesterfields do more than please your taste. They give to your smoking a new zest and interest for they "touch the spot"—they let you know you're smoking. The Chesterfield blend of fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos really *satisfies*.

And the blend is the manufacturer's private formula. Unlike a patent, it cannot be copied or even closely imitated.

It's Chesterfields—and Chesterfields only—if you want this new thing in cigarette enjoyment.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Moisture-proof package
keeps them firm and fresh,
whatever the weather.

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

-and the blend can't be copied

They Satisfy



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What this trademark means

To you—an assurance of quality.

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It identifies the products of the Victor Talking Machine Company. Yes, but it goes further than that, for it is the symbol of achievement. Products bearing this mark have their origin and are manufactured complete in the greatest and most efficient plant of its kind in the world. They are created by the greatest array of musical talent ever drawn together by any one for any purpose. They represent the greatest investment of time, money and scientific research that has ever been made with absolute singleness of purpose in this particular line of human endeavor. In these products are embodied practically all of the basic improvements which have given the talking machine its patent of nobility among musical instruments and have established the Victor as a standard of comparison for all other such instruments.

Victors and Victrolas \$12 to \$950. Victor dealers everywhere.

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